

# Renaissance of the Daleks, from a story by Christopher H Bidman

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## [Part One]

(Engine noise and rhythmic unintelligible whispering voices approaching.)

MAN: (cheerful) The Dalek invasion is coming. Look out, here it comes. Don't miss out.

TILLINGTON: (an American) Doctor.

DOCTOR: The lift won't move if you hold the door.

TILLINGTON: Sure. Mind if I step in?

(Lift doors close.)

DOCTOR: Sorry, do I know you?

TILLINGTON: Oh, I know you, Doctor, by reputation.

DOCTOR: Really? I was looking for the tea room. I could swear it was downstairs.

TILLINGTON: In the Savoy Hotel of a previous millennium, maybe.

DOCTOR: I was wondering... hmm.

(Lift doors open.)

TILLINGTON: Afternoon tea, a table for two over there by the window.

DOCTOR: This is all very nice, but I've no idea who you are.

TILLINGTON: I'm General Tillington. Stubbs to my friends.

DOCTOR: But we're not...

TILLINGTON: Yeah, sure we are. I'll be good to talk, Doctor. Waiter, tea for two here, please.

DOCTOR: So what's an American General doing in England?

TILLINGTON: Well, I hopped over to little old England to hook up with my nephew. Hey, you know what?

He'd be thrilled to meet you. Loves all that time travel gadgetry.

DOCTOR: Oh, really.

(Repeat of sounds from the start.)

NYSSA: The voices. I can hear them again. Doctor, I know it was my idea, but I'm really starting to hate this pocket interocitor thing. I might as well be talking to myself here. Hello? Doctor? Can you hear me? Oh. Well, I hope at least that you're recording this, so here we go. Day two of the one woman Rhodes expedition. When I walk back towards the castle, the voices get stronger. This afternoon I'll sneak in there. If the strength of the voices does increase, I might get some answers. That's it, really. Talk to you - well, more likely myself - later. So, over and out.

TILLINGTON: Of course, Doctor, you've got stuff in that Tardis of yours my white-coat guys would really flip over.

DOCTOR: You know about the Tardis?

TILLINGTON: Global Warning is a purely defensive project.

DOCTOR: Global Warning?

TILLINGTON: Mmm. You see those structures out there on either side of the Thames?

DOCTOR: They look like cranes.

TILLINGTON: Mmm hmm. A laser defence system. They can deliver fifty gigawatts to anything flying in unauthorised.

DOCTOR: About this time technology.

TILLINGTON: Hmm? Yours or mine?

DOCTOR: Your, General. How else could you have penetrated the Tardis.

TILLINGTON: Well, it's early days. We've got nothing to match that communications project of Nyssa's.

DOCTOR: Er, I don't think I mentioned that.

TILLINGTON: Well, we're working on actinoids too.

DOCTOR: Actinoids? You've been spying on the Tardis. That's impossible!

TILLINGTON: (laughs) Hey, Doc, my outfit spends billions a year on intel. I've gotta get something for that money, don't you think?

DOCTOR: Thank you, General. The scones were delicious.

TILLINGTON: Please, Doctor, don't go off in a huff.

DOCTOR: I need some air. I'm feeling a little... woozy. I... oh. (thud)

TILLINGTON: Oh, poor guy. It must be something he ate, huh?

DOCTOR: Oh. Where... You seem to have kidnapped me.

TILLINGTON: Relocated you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ah, relocated. It's the handcuffed to the chair thing that fooled me.

TILLINGTON: Sergeant, why is this man in cuffs?

SERGEANT: For his own protection, General, while under the influence of a consciousness suppressor. It's regulations, sir.

TILLINGTON: Ah. I guess we can cut him loose now he's surfaced. See to it, will you?

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: Ah, thank you, Sergeant. What is this, some kind of aircraft hangar?

SERGEANT: A C-Fac. Classified Facility.

DOCTOR: C-Fac. And what exactly do you do here?

TILLINGTON: Come this way, Doctor.

DOCTOR: This is your time technology.

TILLINGTON: You got it.

DOCTOR: A holographic display, and a fairly blurred one at that.

TILLINGTON: Very coarse grained as yet. Only truly big events show up.

DOCTOR: Big events like what?

TILLINGTON: Run the last iteration, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

DALEK [OC]: We are the masters of Earth.

DOCTOR: Daleks? General, what year is this?

TILLINGTON: I thought you'd know. I thought that was why you're here. It's 2158, Doc.

DOCTOR: 2158? But the Daleks should have invaded last year.

NYSSA: Doctor? Doctor. As usual, no reply. It's time to get out of here. What are you up to, Doctor? The interocitor picked up some time distortion traces, and it's led me here, up on the parapet now, and those so-called knights, now they've got no-one else to crusade against, they're getting drunk and fighting each other. Doctor. Doctor? We're supposed to be in this together. Yes, I know it's my own engineering, but you told me this interocitor would work, that we'd be able to talk to each other across the Space-Time continuum, so what's happened? Doctor?

DOCTOR: How does it work, General Tillington? This is impossible. Earth shouldn't have time technology, not officially, for another

TILLINGTON: It's what they call a pre-construction.

SERGEANT: It's created by our TLTs.

DOCTOR: TL.. Time

SERGEANT: Time Line Technicians, sir. A picked team of trained and targeted intuitives.

DOCTOR: Time sensitives interpreting future events.

TILLINGTON: Events across Space and Time interpreted here in our shaping chamber, and then formed into 3D images. That's how we picked up on you, Doctor. These images of a Dalek invasion and occupation of Earth, well, we saw your craft in them. Your Tardis.

DOCTOR: I see.

TILLINGTON: Those TLTs latched onto that image. Next thing we knew, there you were, dropping off your friend Nyssa and heading here.

DOCTOR: And you even saw the interocitor.

TILLINGTON: Interocitor?

DOCTOR: Our actinoidal communications device. The images must have been more detailed than these.

TILLINGTON: They were concurrent with this timeline. Very vivid, clear.

DOCTOR: Unlike this Dalek invasion. It seems blurred, out of phase, as if...

TILLINGTON: As if what, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I don't know. I'm not sure.

TILLINGTON: Which is it, Doctor? Don't know, or not sure?

NYSSA: Doctor, come in. Doctor? Oh, this is getting ridiculous. Who are you?

MULBERRY: I am Mulberry.

NYSSA: Mulberry?

MULBERRY: A knight in the service of the Lord Templar.

NYSSA: Well, I'm Nyssa of Traken, and I don't like people sneaking up on me.

MULBERRY: What is that device you're holding?

NYSSA: A piece of worthless junk, apparently.

MULBERRY: Give that to me. All treasures from the castle have become the property  
NYSSA: Oh no, you don't. Catch me first.  
MULBERRY: Get down from the parapet!  
NYSSA: Stop! If you even so much as touch me...  
MULBERRY: Well?  
NYSSA: You'll hit the courtyard cobblestones down there at an acceleration of thirty two feet per second per second, the same time I do.

TILLINGTON: Take a seat, Doctor. Take a seat.  
DOCTOR: And what do you want of me, General?  
TILLINGTON: Where is your timeship?  
DOCTOR: Don't you know?  
TILLINGTON: We're still searching.  
DOCTOR: Didn't your time sensitives spot it?  
TILLINGTON: This attitude isn't going to help you, Doctor. We need your help.  
DOCTOR: To do what?  
TILLINGTON: Our pre-construction seems to show you were instrumental in defeating these Dalek creatures in this er... alternate version of the present and near future, so we know that you're on our side.  
DOCTOR: Good.  
TILLINGTON: But you must understand, Doctor, you've landed on Earth sovereign territory. We require a duty of you.  
DOCTOR: What sort of duty?  
TILLINGTON: To make sure that this Dalek invasion never takes place.  
DOCTOR: Well, clearly it hasn't. Although I've no idea why not.  
TILLINGTON: Which is why I don't quite trust you, Doctor. You don't think it's right, do you. You think that right now we should be a defeated, occupied planet, enslaved by these creatures. Don't try to deny it.  
DOCTOR: I still don't understand what you want...  
TILLINGTON: Our TLTs are detecting a hell of a lot of upheaval in Time. Some of them are getting mighty overwrought, collapsing with the strain of it all. We have medics on constant alert to keep them going. We don't understand what's going on, but it's clear that there is trouble coming.  
DOCTOR: What kind of trouble?  
TILLINGTON: A Dalek invasion, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: When?  
TILLINGTON: We don't know when or where, but the TLTs keep predicting it like harbingers of doom.  
DOCTOR: Well, of course I sympathise with you  
TILLINGTON: And can you explain this to me?  
DOCTOR: What is this? A toy... a toy Dalek?

NYSSA: Doctor. Doctor, can you hear me?  
MULBERRY: The device you hold, you whisper to it as to a familiar.  
NYSSA: Whoa!  
MULBERRY: Take care, your footing is not... Let me help you.  
NYSSA: Why should I trust you? You knights are nothing but armed thugs, looting, pillaging, whoa! Stay back!  
MULBERRY: You are going to fall, my lady. Here, take my hand.  
NYSSA: Doctor! Doctor! Get away from me!

MAN [OC]: The Dalek invasion is coming! Look out, here it comes! Don't miss out!  
DOCTOR: And you say there are thousands of these things being manufactured and sold? How curious. And you're sure no one has leaked images from this C-Fac place of yours?  
TILLINGTON: Our security is absolute, but even if someone had managed to break in somehow  
DOCTOR: Why would they start making toys in the shape of Daleks? Quite. It's almost as if the idea is somehow permeating through Time, getting into the consciousness of people and... The voices.  
TILLINGTON: What voices?  
DOCTOR: I don't know. I really don't know.  
TILLINGTON: Ha. And what if I don't believe you, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: Well, I'd say that was your problem, General.  
TILLINGTON: No, Doctor, I'm afraid it's your problem. You see, your invasion that should have happened but didn't, could so easily end up happening, if you get my drift. And these darned toys? Well, hell, they're just making me plain nervous.  
DOCTOR: Quite.  
TILLINGTON: So I'll be straight with you, Doctor. Your time technology is far superior to ours, so we need you and your ship to make sure there is never any kind of Dalek invasion ever.

DOCTOR: How are you going to do that?

TILLINGTON: Well, that's for you and my experts to work out between you, but once we have your technology working us we'll have one hell of a better chance of getting some answers.

DOCTOR: Commandeering my Tardis is not the answer!

TILLINGTON: It's a step in the right direction, and I am in command here.

DOCTOR: And I don't work for you.

TILLINGTON: Oh, and who do you work for, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I have... broader responsibilities. And I agree with you, there is something wrong here, something that needs to be solved. Something... wrong with Time.

TILLINGTON: Good. Then we can work together on this.

DOCTOR: And I assure you that I will make it my business to find out what is going on and, well, put it right.

TILLINGTON: Put it right? Now what would you mean by that, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I... well, er... History must be

TILLINGTON: Put right? You see, what concerns me about that, Doctor, is that we've already established that you were involved in that alternate visualisation. You were on Earth during the Dalek occupation, isn't that right?

DOCTOR: Yes, that's right, but I

TILLINGTON: So from your perspective the Dalek invasion of Earth is the correct path for history to follow.

DOCTOR: Ah. Yes, well, naturally I see your point of view, but you

TILLINGTON: From my perspective, this, the here and now, is the correct path of history. Do you see what I'm saying? I think you do, Doctor. I think you know that I can't let you go free to put this right by yourself. I think you know you have to work with us on this.

DOCTOR: General, you must understand that it's simply isn't in the best interests of, well...

TILLINGTON: Of what, Doctor? I'm only interested in the best interests of this planet and its security. That's what Global Warning is all about. You are gonna help us, and frankly, you don't have a choice.

DOCTOR: There's always a choice.

TILLINGTON: You refuse?

DOCTOR: I refuse.

TILLINGTON: Sergeant, in here, please.

SERGEANT: Sir.

TILLINGTON: Arrest the Doctor.

DOCTOR: General Tillington, this isn't going to be the

TILLINGTON: Strip search, then a super-max segregation cell on level five. This man is dangerous.

MULBERRY: Ah! The stone beneath my feet.

NYSSA: Well, it was your stupid idea to come up here after me. You can't expect to balance in that armour. Take my hand. I've got you.

(Both gasp then cry out, sound receding.)

DOCTOR: Hello? Hello! Look, I'm not refusing to solve the mystery of the Dalek non-invasion, but whatever's going to happen, I'm not going to be able to do it from a cage in a lonely corridor! Listen to me, and listen to me carefully, because I'm only going to say this 3048 times (shouts) till you send someone down here to unlock this cage!

WILTON: (another American) They can't hear you.

DOCTOR: What? Who said that?

WILTON: Me, sir.

DOCTOR: You? Who are you and where on Earth...

WILTON: Introductions later. I've short-circuited the surveillance, and we've got about a minute before they restore it. As soon as I unlock this cage door and let you out of there, I'm going to need you to run as fast as you can.

(Mulberry and Nyssa land.)

MULBERRY: Something more than passing strange here. Are we... dead?

NYSSA: Shh. Lie still, Mulberry. I'm trying to work this out. Doctor? Doctor? Oh.

MULBERRY: We fell, at least the height of fifteen men, onto cobblestones.

NYSSA: At night. I know. And suddenly it's daylight.

MULBERRY: That trophy you carry, it has bewitched us?

NYSSA: What, this pocket interocitor? Temporal so-called communicator? I don't think so. I don't think it does anything, frankly.

MULBERRY: We're on a hill. I hear movement below us.

NYSSA: Mulberry, have you ever fallen through a wormhole?

MULBERRY: A wormhole? I'd never fit, my lady.

NYSSA: I think you would. I think you have. A traversable topological anomaly in Lorentzian Space-Time,

connecting Rhodes 1320 to wherever we are now.

(Alarms, running.)

DOCTOR: Are you sure we'll both fit in there?

WILTON: Get in.

DOCTOR: Er, there's no room to take off.

WILTON: That's the neat thing about a sky-scooter. We do it backwards. (takes off) Neat job, eh? Hold on tight.

NYSSA: Keep your head down, Mulberry, at least until we know where we are.

MULBERRY: Two thousand of them, by my count.

NYSSA: Two thousand what?

MULBERRY: Soldiers. But no armour.

NYSSA: War changes, and so should you, probably. Ditch all that tin, if you're decent underneath.

MULBERRY: Leather breeches and jerkin. If you can unfasten this breastplate.

NYSSA: Now why would soldiers be surrounding this hill? Don't wriggle, Mulberry.

MULBERRY: Soldiers surround a hill, milady, for one reason only. To do battle with the enemy soldiers already on the hill.

WILTON: If we take a low flightpath along the river, they won't spot us at this speed.

DOCTOR: Ah, yes, the laser defence system.

WILTON: We'd get completely fried in this sky-scooter.

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, by the way.

WILTON: I know. I'm Wilton.

DOCTOR: Wilton. How did you know my...

WILTON: My uncle told me about you. Said he was going to have tea with you.

DOCTOR: Did he now? Hmm. Your uncle being General Tillington, I take it?

WILTON: Yeah. Did he mention me?

DOCTOR: Only in passing. How did you know where I was being held, and why did you want to rescue me in the first place?

WILTON: I grew up inside the razor wire, and I knew my uncle was never going to let me meet you

DOCTOR: Hmm. I see.

WILTON: Here comes Tower Bridge, and that bridge beyond.

DOCTOR: Is Blackfriars Bridge. And here's the Tardis. That's a welcome sight.

WILTON: Tardis? Is that your time technology?

DOCTOR: Your uncle told you a lot about me.

WILTON: Well, I kind of took a peek in his case while he was striding about lecturing me on the merits of responsible behaviour.

DOCTOR: Perhaps you should have been listening.

WILTON: I'll park us here, under the wharf.

DOCTOR: Well, er, Wilton, I don't know how to thank you.

WILTON: Sure you do, Doctor. Let me just grab my bags.

DOCTOR: Bags? What for?

(Tardis door opened.)

WILTON: My travel stuff. I get to have a trip in your time machine, don't I, Doctor?

DOCTOR: No, Wilton, you don't.

(Machine gun fire.)

WILTON: They've spotted us! Quick, inside, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What?

WILTON: Come on!

DOCTOR: I don't want you going...

(Tardis door closes.)

WILTON: Oh, come on, Doctor, you're not gonna throw me back out there, are you? Those guys were armed.

DOCTOR: I don't know what I'm going to do, Wilton, so just stand there and don't touch any of the controls.

MAN: (distant) Fire!

NYSSA: Rifles. I think that puts us in the nineteenth century. The Doctor would know.

MULBERRY: The army on the hill is shooting back.

NYSSA: And we're in the middle of it.

FLOYD: Hey, you!  
MULBERRY: A dark skinned man. He's limping.  
NYSSA: There's only one thing for it.  
MULBERRY: Your magic device? Can you save us by witchcraft?  
FLOYD: Hey, you two civilians? Or are you?  
MULBERRY: He's seen us.  
NYSSA: I don't care. One last try with this to wake up the Doctor. Cross your fingers, Mulberry.  
FLOYD: Drop that emitter down, Miss, or I'll take your head right off.  
MULBERRY: With a crutch?  
FLOYD: Okay, it ain't a rifle, but drop that wicked device right now, Miss.  
MULBERRY: A soldier without a weapon?  
FLOYD: Come on, Miss. Please don't blow us up. Oh heck, I ain't used to giving orders, but you're the enemy, ain't you?  
(Gunshot, Floyd cries out.)  
MULBERRY: Where did they get you?  
FLOYD: Just my shoulder. It was my leg last time.  
NYSSA: See what you can do for him, Mulberry, while I... Doctor? Doctor, can you hear me?  
MULBERRY: He's a blackamoor. The enemy.  
NYSSA: Enemy? This isn't our war, Mulberry. And find out where we are, while you're about it.

WILTON: Doctor?  
DOCTOR: I'm busy, Wilton, scanning the Tardis's databanks. Daleks, Daleks, Daleks.  
WILTON: But Doctor, er, that red light. Looks like it might be something urgent.  
DOCTOR: If there's one thing I hate, it's an interruption. Especially when I'm trying to get to the bottom of a mystery.  
WILTON: Mystery?  
DOCTOR: The mystery of the invasion that vanished.  
WILTON: Oh, reminds me. I have a present for you. Here you are, sir.  
DOCTOR: Oh, a cardboard shoebox. Thanks.  
WILTON: Open it.  
DOCTOR: It's no use to me, Wilton, unless it contains a solution to this vanishing in.... interocitor's message notifier. Why didn't you tell me before? Nyssa!  
NYSSA [OC]: Doctor. Doctor.  
WILTON: What's he saying?  
DOCTOR: Shh.  
(Gunfire.)  
WILTON: Some kind of war going on.  
DOCTOR: That's rifle fire. And that's a 24 pounder field howitzer. I left her in 1310. This is impossible.  
WILTON: 1310? So this thing really works.  
NYSSA [OC]: Petersburg. Doctor. Petersburg.  
WILTON: Petersburg!  
DOCTOR: Yes, Wilton. 1860s. Nyssa's got herself caught up in the American Civil War.

FLOYD: This way. You see, that's the picket line ahead.  
NYSSA: It's getting dark, Floyd. Will they stop firing?  
FLOYD: Mostly the rifles stop night-times, but the heavy ordnance, they oh!  
NYSSA: Are you all right?  
FLOYD: Mister Mulberry, you tied my arm pretty good, and the leg's fit for crawling through this hole. Come on, you two.  
(Effort.)  
NYSSA: Something tells me we need to get out of this.  
FLOYD: We'd best wait here till dawn. It's no good stumbling through the dark with mines and such.  
NYSSA: Mines?  
FLOYD: Those smart engineers invent all kinds of killing apparatus.  
NYSSA: But we're safe here?  
FLOYD: I wouldn't swear to safe, but these Confederates dig in pretty good.  
NYSSA: Aren't you one of them?  
FLOYD: Well, Miss, I is and I ain't. You see, I was body servant to Colonel Porter.  
MULBERRY: So you're a freeman now, blackamoor.  
FLOYD: I don't have no master right now, as he got sent to his maker same time I got my leg.  
MULBERRY: Your witch box, my lady. A strange glowing light.  
NYSSA: It's the Doctor. He's getting back to me.

WILTON: Petersburg was 1864.  
DOCTOR: What? How do you know?  
WILTON: Well, that's what this databank screen thing says.  
DOCTOR: I thought I told you not to touch  
WILTON: But the fighting went on there for nearly ten months.  
DOCTOR: Shh. Nyssa's coming through.  
NYSSA [OC]: Doctor? I'm on a hill called Elliott's Salient. I still can't hear you, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: But I can hear you, and that's all that matters. And the timestamp on the message. 3:14 am, morning of July the 30<sup>th</sup>. Here we go.  
(Tardis engines.)  
DOCTOR: And here we are. I'll just edge the door open a fraction, in case. Oh. Bit quiet.  
WILTON: But shouldn't there be...  
DOCTOR: Stay here. I'll pop out for a peek. Don't touch that console. (leaves)  
WILTON: But I suppose I can take a look. Okay, let's check it out. This is Petersburg, according to the databank, but where's Elliott's Salient? Oh no. Doctor!  
DOCTOR [OC]: Will you please leave the console alone.  
WILTON: You know why there's no battle out there? We're in Petersburg, Grant County, *West Virginia*.  
DOCTOR: West? That's another state.  
WILTON: The wrong Petersburg.  
DOCTOR: Oh no. Another minor data corruption in the location finder. You really do choose your moments to let me down, old girl. Right, let's see.

MULBERRY: This Doctor, will he bring medicine for Floyd's wounds?  
NYSSA: He's not that sort of Doctor. But Floyd's not complaining.  
MULBERRY: He doesn't complain, my lady, but that leg is smashed to the bone and touched with plague.  
NYSSA: I'm sure the Doctor will be here soon.

DOCTOR: Well, I can't seem to find anything wrong. What are you doing? I thought I told you not to touch any of the controls, Wilton.  
WILTON: Take a look at this databank thing of yours.  
DOCTOR: Wilton...  
WILTON: Battle of Elliott's Salient, Petersburg, Virginia. Mineshaft under the Confederate lines. The fuse was lit on the morning of July the 30<sup>th</sup> at 3:15 am. Your friend Nyssa's on Elliott's Salient! It says here the Federal forces blow up Elliott's Salient. They lit the fuse thirty seconds ago!

## **[Part Two]**

DOCTOR: Elliott's Salient. But of course. Let me see.  
WILTON: Wait, wait, wait, wait. Oh, I'm a fool.  
DOCTOR: You're right again, Wilton. Elliott's Salient, Nyssa said. Rang a vague bell. Oh no, Nyssa.  
WILTON: But Doctor, the Tardis is a time machine. We just wind back the clock and fix it.  
DOCTOR: Perhaps. (beeping) Just my luck.  
WILTON: What is it?  
DOCTOR: Here, take my coat. There's only one thing for it.  
WILTON: What are you doing under there?  
DOCTOR: The Time-track crossing protection protocol.  
WILTON: The what?  
DOCTOR: A pre-set circuit in all Tardises. Haven't touched it in years. To be honest, the connections are a bit dodgy. It's supposed to be constantly engaged, but sometimes it is, sometimes it isn't. And now it is.  
WILTON: But what does it do?  
DOCTOR: Well, if you revisit the same Time-Space location more than once, the recursion effects can have completely unknown, unpredictable consequences. The Time-track crossing protection protocol prevents that.  
WILTON: You mean we can't get to the real Petersburg now?  
DOCTOR: Not at 3:14 am.  
WILTON: But we haven't really been there.  
DOCTOR: The Tardis thinks we have. I'm going to try to override the protocol. We might be able to save Nyssa if we don't vanish into the temporal nullity first.

NYSSA: Floyd? Floyd.  
MULBERRY: Alive still, but not, I fear, for long.  
NYSSA: Oh, damn this stupid-named interocitor thing. Please, Doctor, we need you now.  
MULBERRY: As a witch, my lady, there's much you lack.

NYSSA: A flying broomstick would certainly come in handy.  
MULBERRY: That... that sound, and the mist that takes on a blueness.  
NYSSA: A very welcome blueness.  
MULBERRY: A great blue sentry box, grown from nowhere.  
(Tardis door opens.)  
DOCTOR: Nyssa! Quick, we've got only moments to spare. Who's this?  
NYSSA: My friend, Mulberry.  
DOCTOR: Good to know you, Mulberry. Inside, both of you.  
NYSSA: And Floyd. He's hurt.  
DOCTOR: This isn't Noah's Ark. Now many more of you?  
NYSSA: Just Floyd. Give me a hand with him.  
MULBERRY: Take care. His leg.  
DOCTOR: Wilton, come out here. Help carry him in while I effect an emergency take-off.

DOCTOR: Coordinates set, and door. (Tardis door closes.) Nyssa, see what you can do for your friend Floyd.  
MULBERRY: I'll tend to him. We soldiers know wounds.  
DOCTOR: You'd better take him to the Zero Room.  
NYSSA: The new Zero Room? Is it ready?  
DOCTOR: Yes, finally.  
NYSSA: And thank you, Doctor, for finally turning up. Who's this?  
DOCTOR: I should have remembered. Elliott's Salient.  
NYSSA: What?  
DOCTOR: Hold on tight! Here it comes!  
(Explosion.)  
WILTON: What's happening? The picture's whited out.  
NYSSA: It's coming back. Flames, dust, and nothing.  
WILTON: A crater. It must be thirty feet deep.  
NYSSA: A huge crater. We'd have been blown to bits.  
WILTON: One hundred and seventy feet across, according to the databank. Around 300 Confederate soldiers died in the blast.  
NYSSA: What a way to lose a battle.  
DOCTOR: Not so fast. There's more to come. How's our new friend over there?  
MULBERRY: Well, his eyes are open.  
DOCTOR: Wheel him over to the console. That chaise longue is on castors. Well, Floyd, who would you like to win?  
FLOYD: Confederates, sir.  
DOCTOR: Watch the screen.  
WILTON: The Union forces, they're rushing into the breach. They're gonna take the Salient. No, wait, look. They're running straight into the crater.  
MULBERRY: Tumbling down, helpless.  
FLOYD: Thousands of those Yankee soldiers.  
MULBERRY: And the soldiers on the hill, gathering about the mouth of the crater.  
WILTON: Like fish in a barrel.  
DOCTOR: That's an untrained Union division down there, who thought they were off-duty. They were rushed into battle.  
NYSSA: To be blown away for target practice.  
FLOYD: It's a turkey shoot down there. (rebel yell)  
DOCTOR: Floyd, Floyd. War is horrible enough, but incompetent war is an abomination.

(Rebel yells echoing and merging into whispering voices. Snatches of phrases – exactitude, absolute knowledge, we are the Greylish, direct descendants of...)

FLOYD: They got what... what they deserved, damn Yankee traitors. Stop. Wait.  
NYSSA: Floyd? What's the matter?  
FLOYD: What's that?  
MULBERRY: What?  
FLOYD: Just there. Gone now. Didn't y'all see it?  
NYSSA: See what?  
FLOYD: I seen scurrying things, like big steel rats, shiny in the darkness  
MULBERRY: It's the fever, my lady.  
NYSSA: You're hallucinating, Floyd.  
FLOYD: I'm what? No, I saw  
NYSSA: The Zero Room's what you need. Not far now.

DOCTOR: What's this shoebox doing down here under the console?  
WILTON: That's your present. You haven't opened it yet.  
DOCTOR: It's in my way. Take it. And pass me that wire splicer. Thanks. Just need to...  
WILTON: I've been reading up on the Daleks in your databank. What makes you think there ever was an invasion?  
DOCTOR: I was there during the Dalek occupation of Earth.  
WILTON: And you were there when there wasn't a Dalek occupation too.  
DOCTOR: So I was. Exactly how much do you know about your uncle's work, Wilton?  
WILTON: Oh, er, not much.  
DOCTOR: Hmm.

MULBERRY: I feel calm. Unaccountably calm. This truly is a wondrous chamber.  
NYSSA: I know.  
FLOYD: And I know what I saw out there. And I did see them, coming for me.  
NYSSA: You're safe here in the Zero Room, Floyd.  
FLOYD: They kinda slide along, like they got no legs.  
NYSSA: You'll feel much better soon.  
FLOYD: You're kind, Miss Nyssa. I ain't nothing but a worthless slave.  
NYSSA: You're not worthless, Floyd. Tell him, Mulberry.  
MULBERRY: Every slave has value. In the market place, sometimes the price  
NYSSA: I didn't mean that... Look, that war we were caught up in, wasn't it all about freeing the slaves?  
FLOYD: Ain't slaves this war was about. What we're fighting for is the Constitution, Article 4, sovereignty of the States. Colonel Porter??? He told me that.  
NYSSA: Fighting over words?  
FLOYD: Important words, Miss Nyssa. Words like right, and justice, and liberty, and freedom.  
NYSSA: You sound like the voices.  
FLOYD: Voices, Miss?  
NYSSA: Yes, the voices. I've discovered these pockets of Space-Time filled with...  
FLOYD: Huh?  
MULBERRY: We do not understand your words, Lady Nyssa. Pockets of Space-Time?  
NYSSA: Well, they're like whispers.  
MULBERRY: I too heard whispers.  
NYSSA: On Rhodes?  
MULBERRY: One spoke of the great peace. I slept at my sentry post one night. The Knight's Warden put me in irons. A hot night I had of it, with the flies and the dust.  
FLOYD: One time my Colonel woke me and shut me all night in a shell bunker. I heard them that night, I'll say. Was I in one of those pockets of yours?  
NYSSA: You heard them too, Floyd? At first I thought it was your Knights of Rhodes, Mulberry.  
MULBERRY: Huh. No enlightened voices came from them, my lady.  
NYSSA: But from somewhere. Floyd?  
MULBERRY: Let him sleep, my lady.

WILTON: Is it fixed?  
DOCTOR: Mmm. Fix is rather a good word for it. It's definitely travelling on a course of its own.  
WILTON: You mean you're not in control?  
DOCTOR: I don't seem to be able to switch the Time-track crossing protection protocol back on. That seems to be affecting...  
DALEK [OC]: Exterminate. Exterminate.  
DOCTOR: Daleks?  
DALEK [OC]: We are the supreme beings. You will obey the Daleks.  
DOCTOR: That shoebox.  
WILTON: Open it.  
DOCTOR: Wilton, why did you bring this?  
DALEK: We are the supreme beings.  
WILTON: Everyone in school's been collecting them since last year. It's only a toy.  
DOCTOR: I know it's only a toy, but why did you bring it with you?  
WILTON: I... I don't know. I guess I just thought it would be, well, a good idea.  
DOCTOR: And how did that idea get inside your head, exactly?  
WILTON: I don't know.  
DOCTOR: No explanation. Just as there's no explanation for their being manufactured in the first place.  
NYSSA: Floyd's asleep. The Zero Room's doing its work.  
DOCTOR: Wish I could say the same for the Tardis.

NYSSA: What's wrong?  
DOCTOR: We're probably plunging to our doom.  
NYSSA: Why?  
WILTON: The Time track crossing protection protocol, he can't switch it back on.  
NYSSA: Why did you switch it off?  
DOCTOR: It's a long story. But there's a more pressing problem.  
NYSSA: More pressing than plunging to our doom?  
DOCTOR: Remember these?  
NYSSA: Daleks. Why have you got a miniature Dalek in the Tardis?  
DOCTOR: Would you believe it's a toy? Wilton brought it here.  
WILTON: Hi.  
NYSSA: Er, Doctor, who is this?  
DOCTOR: Wilton, Nyssa is my very good friend. Nyssa, Wilton is... well, what exactly are you, Wilton?  
WILTON: Well, I  
DOCTOR: Wilton is the nephew of General Tillington.  
NYSSA: Tillington? Should I know him?  
DOCTOR: No. And neither should I, because he comes from Earth in the year 2158. And do you know what should be happening on Earth in the year 2158?  
NYSSA: Oh no, wouldn't that be the  
DOCTOR: Beginning of something terrible. Incurable plague, meteor bombardments, that's what should be happening on Earth, according to recorded history.  
NYSSA: The beginning of the Dalek invasion of Earth.  
DOCTOR: Yes. An occupation that lasted for ten years.  
WILTON: And you were there.  
DOCTOR: At the end, when they were finally defeated.  
NYSSA: And you're saying that someone's changed history?  
DOCTOR: Yes. While you were away, the Tardis's chronometers seemed to go haywire. I made a random landing to check them, but the readings were blank. I went outside to confirm the date and found myself in 2158.  
NYSSA: And no Dalek invasion.  
DOCTOR: No.  
NYSSA: And what's Wilton's uncle got to do with all this?  
WILTON: He's the head of Global Warning.  
DOCTOR: An organisation that has Time technology several centuries before it should.  
NYSSA: How did that happen?  
DOCTOR: I've no idea, but General Tillington knows about the Dalek invasion that never happened. The trouble is, his Time technology is predicting another imminent Dalek invasion.  
NYSSA: Do you think this has anything to do with the voices?  
WILTON: Voices?  
DOCTOR: I think it'd be too much of a coincidence if it hadn't.  
WILTON: That doesn't make sense.  
DOCTOR: Very little does when it comes to Time anomalies, Wilton.  
NYSSA: You want to put history back on the correct path, don't you?  
DOCTOR: Do I? I suppose that would be the responsible thing to do, wouldn't it?  
WILTON: You want to condemn us all to that plague and meteor stuff? That's inhuman.  
DOCTOR: I'm not human. And who's to say this other invasion your uncle's Time sensitives are predicting won't be a thousand times worse. No, better the devil you know, Wilton. Better the devil you know. Hmm, still no time readings on those chronometers.  
WILTON: Maybe that's because your time protocol thing is off.  
DOCTOR: Wilton, that's brilliant.  
NYSSA: What is?  
DOCTOR: The Time track crossing protection protocol. The Daleks don't have one.  
NYSSA: So their Time journeys can overlap.  
DOCTOR: Precisely. And every overlap causes an intersection, and every intersection potentially causes  
NYSSA: An anomaly. So after their occupation of Earth was repelled, they doubled back on themselves and tried again.  
WILTON: But they haven't tried again.  
DOCTOR: Haven't they? Your uncle believes they're about to. And what about the toys? And the voices? The notion of Dalekness is somehow permeating through Time.  
NYSSA: Is that what you think the voices are doing?  
DOCTOR: I don't know, but we have to find out. We have to find the Daleks.  
NYSSA: What is it, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: I have to risk everything, force a materialisation. It's the only way we're going to get our bearings

and know where we are, find the Daleks and stop them. Hold tight.

(Rustling vegetation.)

DOCTOR: Hmm. Wild and warm.

WILTON: It's beautiful.

DOCTOR: Or dangerous. Both, probably. You can never tell with jungles. That leg all right, Floyd?

FLOYD: Right as rain, Mister Doctor, sir. Hey look, some big river over there, through the trees.

DOCTOR: Yes. Let's take a look.

MULBERRY: Where are we?

NYSSA: It seems to be a reasonably benign planet.

DOCTOR: It's Earth.

NYSSA: Look, these plants.

DOCTOR: Wild rice. South east Asia, then. Now if only we knew when.

NYSSA: Listen.

FLOYD: What is it?

NYSSA: Something mechanical.

DOCTOR: Helicopters.

FLOYD: Smoke coming out of them.

DOCTOR: Not smoke, Floyd. Defoliant. Take cover!

(They start coughing.)

NYSSA: I can't breathe.

DOCTOR: It's Agent Orange. Back to the Tardis, quick!

FLOYD: In the bushes there. Someone shooting back.

DOCTOR: It'll be the Viet Cong. Well, now we know where and when we are.

WILTON: The Vietnam war.

MULBERRY: In the sky. Swift as swallows, but they're shooting fire.

DOCTOR: Jets.

WILTON: Air cover for the helicopters.

NYSSA: And we're right in the middle of it.

DOCTOR: The Tardis. We'll make a dash for it.

NYSSA: The helicopter, it's been hit.

(Crash!)

MULBERRY: There's someone in the machine.

DOCTOR: Come with me, Mulberry. Nyssa, get Wilton and Floyd into the Tardis, now.

ALICE: Major Hunniford in Cobra Three to Central. Are you getting this? I have a transport down situation here. In fact I have a transport damn well burning up all around me situation, and I'm stuck in...

(Knocking on glass.)

ALICE: Someone out there's banging on my window. What in the...

DOCTOR [OC]: Hold on. We'll get you out.

ALICE: Who the hell are you guys?

DOCTOR: We're here to help. Mulberry.

ALICE: The idiots call it air cover but they don't care who they hit.

DOCTOR: Your own plane shot you down?

ALICE: Friendly fire. Welcome to the war, buster.

DOCTOR: Your ankle's broken.

ALICE: Yeah, big deal. Just get my foot the hell out of this gun mounting and let's go.

DOCTOR: Have you got her, Mulberry?

MULBERRY: Yes.

ALICE: Hey, you big oaf. That hurts. Oh, time to go guys, before the gas tank gets cooked.

NYSSA: Look, the scanner. They've got the pilot clear.

WILTON: Just in time, too.

FLOYD: We're safe in this Tardis, ain't we?

NYSSA: From that Earth weaponry, yes. Here they come. Door, Wilton.

DOCTOR: You all right, Mulberry?

MULBERRY: I cannot breathe, and the flying lady has fainted.

ALICE: Like hell I have. It's just the darned ankle.

DOCTOR: Shut the door, Wilton.

MULBERRY: That evil dust.

ALICE: Agent Orange. Nasty, isn't it? Territorial denial. Kills all the vegetation those gooks use for cover.

MULBERRY: The force of your terrible sky weapons is cast against the grass? You wage war on leaves?

ALICE: Don't get political with me, buddy. I just work here.

DOCTOR: You two take our new friend down to the Zero Room.

FLOYD: Okay, here we go. You got her, Mulberry?

ALICE: What the hell is this place? Are you guys CIA?

DOCTOR: Pending a fuller explanation, hold that thought.

ALICE: I figured there was something spooky going on. Hey, quit that, buster. (receding) Never mind I'm a lady, I'm a goddamn Major - Major Alice Hunniford – and you'll respect the rank. Me, I go by the book. (Voices whisper.)

DOCTOR: Did you hear that?

NYSSA: Yes. Only just, but the voices...

WILTON: I heard it too.

DOCTOR: Now why should that suddenly...

WILTON: What's the matter, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Wilton, where's your toy Dalek? We left it on the floor over there.

WILTON: Well, maybe it got kicked out of the way when... Anyhow, it doesn't matter. I brought two more in my backpack. Here.

NYSSA: Why did you bring toy Daleks?

DOCTOR: He doesn't know.

WILTON: Oh.

DOCTOR: They're gone?

WILTON: How did you know?

DOCTOR: Just a nasty guess.

ALICE: This is the damndest structure I've ever seen. How much of this Tardis thing is there?

FLOYD: I dunno, Miss Alice. Me and Mulberry's new here, just like you.

MULBERRY: But this chamber they call the Zero Room has magic in it.

ALICE: Zero Room? On account of how much furniture they have in it?

FLOYD: No furniture required, Miss Alice. Take a look at this. I just lean right back and...

ALICE: And levitate? Mulberry, this guy's floating in the air.

FLOYD: You just lie back too, Miss Alice. Take the weight off that ankle and let it heal.

MULBERRY: Floyd was near to death, but once he was lain back on the invisible pillows... Yes, just like that.

ALICE: Comfortable, yeah. I gotta hand that to you.

MULBERRY: And let sleep come upon him as it now comes upon you.

ALICE: Oh, my ankle's getting kinda warm. (yawns) Damn, I'm tired. I'll just take five. But let's not forget there's a war to be fought out there.

FLOYD: What kind of army sends ladies out to fight?

ALICE: It's not classified as fighting. Defoliation, non-combatant. That's a laugh.

MULBERRY: The lady warrior sleeps.

ALICE: Freedom, justice, honour of the country.

FLOYD: Dreaming of the war.

MULBERRY: And talking like the voices. Two years gone hence, when we came in ships to gain the island, Rhodes strove back against us with a mighty force of arms. The voices came to our aid. They filled our spirits with icy fire, and so we brought liberty to the island.

FLOYD: Liberty, huh? Something had it captured?

MULBERRY: The people of Rhodes. We freed the island from their backwardness. We're going to build it into a great civilisation. Where are you going?

FLOYD: Just thought I'd stretch my legs. Like the lady said, see how much of this Tardis thing there is.

MULBERRY: The Doctor told us...

FLOYD: Nice man, but he ain't my master. These days I can walk where I please, and I'm getting to like the idea. I won't be too long.

WILTON: What exactly is that thing doing?

DOCTOR: The tracker? I'm trying to find out where that transmission was aimed.

NYSSA: Transmission? You mean the voices are transmissions?

DOCTOR: Of a sort. They must be. But look at this, Nyssa.

NYSSA: You're picking up actinoidal energy.

WILTON: What? But the actinide series in the atomic table are a bunch of metals. Oh my God, but they're radioactive.

NYSSA: Don't worry, Wilton. This is Time-suspended actinide.

WILTON: Time-suspended?

NYSSA: Yes. Its energy, instead of running down like a clock, can be used to power devices.

DOCTOR: Like those toy Daleks.

WILTON: But... they're just toys.

DOCTOR: That's what the people who built them think they are, but these toys seem to be moving of their

own volition.

NYSSA: Or someone else is controlling them. Through the voices?

DOCTOR: I think there's one close by.

WILTON: Is it dangerous?

NYSSA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Hello, what are you up to? Where are your two friends?

NYSSA: Do we follow it?

DOCTOR: If we want answers, I don't think we have a choice. Come on.

(Jumble of voices. Still can't make it out, myself.)

ALICE: (sleeping) Proud to serve. Yes, sir. I'm proud of my country, right or wrong. Beacon of light for the world.

MULBERRY: So, the voices are soaked into your very soul, warrior lady. Shh. We are all at peace here.

FLOYD: I seen them! I knew I seen them. I seen them!

MULBERRY: Floyd, Floyd, what's happened? You're grey as a ghost.

FLOYD: I seen them. Voodoo creatures stalking the corridors out there. Voices like a rusty gate, giving me orders. They talking about exterminating me.

ALICE: What? What are you hollering about? Oh, can't a lady get some sleep around here?

FLOYD: I said, I seen them before, but this time I'm sure. Creatures. Metal creatures.

MULBERRY: Perhaps we should investigate.

ALICE: Only if he agrees to quit hollering.

DOCTOR: It's still just ahead of us. Let's see if we can catch up with it.

WILTON: Why? It might be

DOCTOR: Come on!

NYSSA: There it is.

WILTON: It's going faster.

DOCTOR: Then so must we. Come on!

WILTON: It's still going faster.

NYSSA: It's speeding up again.

DOCTOR: And... stop.

WILTON: But it'll get away.

DOCTOR: No, it won't. Look

NYSSA: It's slowing right down again, like it's teasing us.

DOCTOR: Exactly. It wants us to chase it.

WILTON: Why?

DOCTOR: Look at the route it's been taking us on.

NYSSA: Is that important?

DOCTOR: It's been leading us away from the console room.

WILTON: Why would it do that?

NYSSA: The other two toy Daleks. They could be in the console room.

DOCTOR: I'd lay odds on it.

WILTON: What would they be doing there?

DOCTOR: I've no idea, but it's bound to be bad news for us. Come on, let's go back.

NYSSA: Is that Dalek following us?

DOCTOR: It is.

DALEK: Halt. Halt.

NYSSA: Sounds a bit cross, doesn't it?

DALEK: Halt. Obey. Obey.

(Weapons fire.)

DOCTOR: Definitely more than a toy, I'd say.

WILTON: Can these things really hurt us?

DOCTOR: I'm not particularly keen on finding that out just now, Wilton. Faster, everyone. Come on!

DALEK: Exterminate.

DALEK 2: Interface with Tardis console now complete. Coordinates set. Course change effected.

DALEK 3: Now engaging Tardis power source.

NYSSA: They're on the console.

WILTON: They've kind of interfaced with it.

DOCTOR: Get off there. Now! Right.

NYSSA: Doctor, they could be dangerous.

DOCTOR: I don't care.

DALEK 2: Remove your hand from me immediately.  
DOCTOR: Nyssa, Wilton, give me a hand. We have to pull these things free of the console.  
(Bang, cry of pain.)  
DALEK 2: Exterminate. Exterminate.  
WILTON: It's electrocuting him!  
NYSSA: Doctor!

### [Part Three]

DOCTOR: It's all right. It's not lethal, just uncomfortable. I don't think they have enough power to  
DALEK 2: You will release me.  
NYSSA: Wilton, we've got to drain the charge off.  
WILTON: What? But are you sure?  
DALEK 2: Release me.  
NYSSA: I'll grab the Doctor and you grab me. Now!  
DALEK 2: Alert, alert. Power depletion.  
DOCTOR: Good work, Nyssa. Now pull!  
(Bang, clatter.)  
WILTON: I think we broke it.  
DOCTOR: Good. Now for the other one. Where's it gone?  
NYSSA: I don't know.  
WILTON: Can't see it anywhere. It must have skedaddled.  
NYSSA: And what about the one that was chasing us?  
DOCTOR: I think they've achieved what they came here to do, Nyssa.  
NYSSA: You mean...  
FLOYD: I told you. That's what I saw. You see them? Them's the things that I saw.  
ALICE: Okay, okay, Floyd. We saw it, whatever they were.  
MULBERRY: Nyssa, what were those things?  
WILTON: You saw the toy Daleks?  
MULBERRY: We saw two upturned silver jars.  
ALICE: Whatever they were just shot right past us in a real hurry to get somewhere. Toy what?  
DOCTOR: Daleks. Except those weren't toys. And I'd like to find out exactly what they are. Hmm.  
ALICE: So what happens now? Maybe you can explain exactly  
DOCTOR: How's your ankle, Major?  
ALICE: Alice will do, Doctor. I'm good now, thanks to these two guys.  
DOCTOR: Good. Good, Alice. Well, that's splendid.  
NYSSA: What are you thinking, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: What am I thinking? Well, I've got a Tardis full of strangers and er, yes, the Tardis has been locked on course to an undisclosed destination by a couple of toy Daleks. That's what I'm thinking, Nyssa.  
NYSSA: Well, at least we're no longer plunging towards our doom.  
WILTON: You mean the Daleks saved us?  
DOCTOR: Saved by the Daleks. Now there's an irony. The fact is I don't know what the Daleks have done or where we're going.  
ALICE: And this ship, or whatever it is, is yours?  
DOCTOR: Yes.  
ALICE: Just what kind of a pilot are you?  
DOCTOR: The kind who needs some answers. Wilton, you're with me.  
WILTON: Where are we going?  
DOCTOR: The Tardis's laboratory. Nyssa, keep an eye on our course. See if you can work out where we're going. Let me know the moment anything changes or if you come up with any answers.  
NYSSA: And what answers are you going to look for?  
DOCTOR: Daleks, voices, invasions. Wilton, we're going to talk actinoids. Come on.  
FLOYD: Hey, what about us?  
DOCTOR: Er, Nyssa will look after you, won't you, Nyssa? Make sure they don't touch anything.  
MULBERRY: Are we in danger?  
DOCTOR: Constantly, I imagine. Wilton.  
ALICE: Well, looks like you're the baby-sitter. Nyssa?  
NYSSA: I'm afraid there's not much we can do except wait.  
MULBERRY: Wait for what?  
NYSSA: Er, well...  
FLOYD: She don't know. Neither of them know nothing. We're trapped in a, I dunno, some kind of flying palace, with a couple of ignoramuses.  
ALICE: It doesn't look too easy to fly this thing.

NYSSA: It's often more luck than judgement.  
ALICE: Don't you have any flight manuals?  
NYSSA: It's all in a databank.  
ALICE: Databank?  
NYSSA: But none of that's any use just now.  
ALICE: Oh, right.

DOCTOR: Right. Electron probe. Ah.  
WILTON: Doctor, why did you say we'd be talking actinoids?  
DOCTOR: Hmm? Yes, actinoids.  
WILTON: I only know what you told me. Radioactive metals that are somehow frozen in Time, so instead of decaying they preserve their energy.  
DOCTOR: So?  
WILTON: Well, so you can design something like a Dalek toy that taps into that energy. I'm just guessing that bit.  
DOCTOR: Good guess, though. Which means you'd need some kind of Time conduit built into the actinoid to control the energy release. Was there ever any talk about Time conduits at your uncle's facility? Were his Timeline technicians developing something along the lines of this pocket interocitor?  
WILTON: I don't know. Why would I know?  
DOCTOR: Because you're spying for your uncle, aren't you?  
WILTON: I...  
DOCTOR: Oh, come on, Wilton, no need to be bashful. How else would you be able to apparently rescue me, and why else would you force your way into my Tardis on the flimsiest of pretexts? I wasn't born yesterday, you know. Your uncle seemed quite interested in Nyssa's interocitor.  
WILTON: Isn't that a name from some old sci-fi movie?  
DOCTOR: Yes, just my little joke. So what do you really know about actinoidal technology?  
WILTON: Well, I've read about quantum entanglement, but I don't understand how you use it for  
DOCTOR: For temporal communications. Split a quark and you get two sub-particles that behave as if they were in communication, even if you separate them across Time and Space.  
WILTON: But you can't run a classical physics communication across a quantum link.  
DOCTOR: Well, it is a philosophical impossibility. Infuriating, isn't it?  
WILTON: So how do you do it?  
DOCTOR: How does General Tillington do it?  
WILTON: He doesn't have anything as advanced as this.  
DOCTOR: So he does have something, then.  
WILTON: I'm not supposed to  
DOCTOR: Thanks for putting me in the picture, Wilton.  
WILTON: But I  
DOCTOR: And somehow the Daleks are using this technique to transmit power and instructions to their toy counterparts.  
(Running feet approaching.)  
ALICE: Doctor, you'd better come and take a look at this. Doctor, urgent, from Nyssa. Something's up with the Tardis navigation. She needs you right away.

FLOYD: Ain't this thing working now?  
NYSSA: It's travelling, Floyd, but it's never done this before. Oh, Doctor, thank heavens.  
DOCTOR: That doesn't sound healthy. What's happening, Nyssa?  
NYSSA: I think... well, I know it doesn't make sense, but I think the Tardis is travelling sideways.  
DOCTOR: Sideways through Time?  
NYSSA: Sideways through Time.  
DOCTOR: That's a bit of a worry. In fact, more of a potential calamity. And now we appear to be going faster in whichever direction we're travelling. At least it doesn't seem to be doing so much damage to the old girl now. They clearly want us there in one piece.  
NYSSA: The Daleks?  
DOCTOR: Or whoever is behind these voices and controlling those toy Daleks.  
ALICE: When did you first hear these voices, Nyssa?  
NYSSA: You've heard them too? Mulberry and Floyd have, haven't you?  
MULBERRY: All of my life.  
FLOYD: Me too.  
NYSSA: What about you, Alice?  
ALICE: Well, I guess... oh, I don't know. Sometimes when I dream...  
FLOYD: We heard you dreaming. You were hearing them, all right.  
MULBERRY: I'm certain of it, Major.

DOCTOR: Interesting. Perhaps they become less of a conscious phenomenon the more the human race develops.

NYSSA: When I started hearing them in the Tardis, the Doctor called me Joan of Arc.

DOCTOR: Yes. Of course, hearing voices was no joke for poor Joan. Those voices she heard telling her to chase the English out of France were deadly serious.

WILTON: The voices were speaking to you, Nyssa?

NYSSA: Not to me, but I heard them.

DOCTOR: And became very Joan of Arc-ish about inventing some way of tracking them through Time.

NYSSA: It was the voices that gave me the idea.

DOCTOR: Communication across Space and Time, a near-impossible scientific proposition, but you worked out how to do it.

NYSSA: Not exactly. It's still very unreliable.

DOCTOR: I might be able to fix that one day, but that's not the point. You said that it was the voices that gave me the idea.

NYSSA: I didn't mean it literally came from them. Well, at least I didn't think of it... oh. So you're saying...

DOCTOR: Yes, that's what I'm saying.

NYSSA: Where is it now?

WILTON: Your pocket interocitor? The Doctor's got it, haven't you?

DOCTOR: Come on, then. Let's see if we can hear anything.

VOICES: Call... significance... natural and... freedom. Freedom. Future. Conviction. Our cause, the causes of our cause. The causal nexus at the foundation of the universe. The fundamental truths of the core existence. Our enterprise resonates with the natural justice of eternity. The ultimate absolutes of Time and Space commend us to this venture. A fight for freedom has begun, mightier than the universe has ever seen.

VOICES [OC]: A fight for freedom has begun, mightier than the universe has ever seen.

DOCTOR: They're certainly saying something, being very positive about it.

NYSSA: But what, exactly?

(Bang!)

ALICE: We've hit something.

DOCTOR: Hold on.

WILTON: What's happening?

ALICE: Get a grip, everybody.

FLOYD: The whole place is shivering, and I don't blame it.

MULBERRY: The heavens are descending on our heads.

ALICE: Hang on, men, till we appraise this. It's not the end of the world.

DOCTOR: It might be. Hold tight! If I can just.... (silence falls) Anybody hurt? Mildly bruised?

MULBERRY: Miraculous survival.

WILTON: Yeah, we're okay. Nyssa? Alice?

DOCTOR: And the console seems to be... yes, if I'm not mistaken, control restored. Look at this, Nyssa. Nyssa?

NYSSA: Doctor, look. The scanner.

WILTON: What kind of planet is that?

MULBERRY: Gadzoons, it's a place of light. It's radiance cleanses my eyes.

ALICE: A white landscape, glowing in the light of those suns, hundreds of them.

FLOYD: Like ice, snow. What is it?

WILTON: Sideways through Time into a parallel universe.

DOCTOR: Not parallel. The Time tracks would never meet. This must be the point where all the Time tracks converge.

WILTON: Like a kind of North pole of Time?

NYSSA: It's beautiful. All that iridescence.

FLOYD: Something dead deep on the edge of the shining. Looks like sharp blue mountains.

MULBERRY: Or a vast distant city.

DOCTOR: Some kind of structure. Nyssa, can you zoom in on that?

NYSSA: No, they're not mountains. Non-natural artefacts, at least.

WILTON: Perhaps it's not really out there, what we're seeing.

DOCTOR: What do you mean, Wilton?

WILTON: Philosophical impossibilities?

DOCTOR: Hmm. Well, it's my Tardis, so it's my responsibility. Nyssa's in charge.

ALICE: Of what?

DOCTOR: Oh, and of course you, Major, will be chief advisor. I'm going out there.

ALICE: I'll give you cover.

DOCTOR: Cover? Like a tarpaulin?

ALICE: I'm talking weapons, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: Ah. No weapons in the Tardis. And in these circumstances, I can't see them being a lot of use.  
WILTON: Unless the toy Daleks come out from wherever they're hiding.  
DOCTOR: You worry too much, Wilton. Open the door, Nyssa, and close it immediately I'm outside.  
NYSSA: Good luck, Doctor. Wait! Take the pocket interocitor. If anything happens...  
DOCTOR: Thanks.  
NYSSA: What's out there, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: (distant) The light's so bright, takes a bit of getting used to. Those big structures in the distance. Mulberry's right. Looks to me like a city. (fading) City built out of...  
NYSSA: Doctor? Doctor, don't go wandering off. You don't know if  
FLOYD: Nyssa, watch out!  
NYSSA: What?  
MULBERRY: The silver jars, my lady.  
ALICE: I'm guessing these things are meant to be dangerous?  
DALEK: Silence.  
NYSSA: Only in a limited way. Their power is  
DALEK: Enough. We now have a direct connection to our power source. You will not be able to overpower us this time.  
DOCTOR: (distant) Nyssa, come on out. I think it's fairly safe.  
DALEK: You are our prisoners. You will obey.  
WILTON: You're only toys  
(Weapons fire.)  
DALEK: We now have lethal firepower. You will obey us.  
NYSSA: All right, don't shoot. Hands up, everyone. I assume you do know what that means.  
DALEK: You will evacuate the Tardis, all of you. Move. Move!

DOCTOR: I see what they are now, those structures. Nyssa!  
NYSSA: Here, Doctor. But we're not alone.  
DOCTOR: Oh.  
WILTON: They took us by surprise. It's all my fault. Why the hell did I bring them with me?  
DOCTOR: I don't think you had a choice, Wilton.  
ALICE: Don't worry, Doctor. First chance we get to jump these things... Ready, boys?  
DOCTOR: Alice, that really isn't a good idea.  
DALEK: The Doctor will raise his hands.  
DOCTOR: And what are you going to do with us now?  
DALEK: You will come with us to our city.  
DOCTOR: Or?  
DALEKS: You will be exterminated.  
DOCTOR: Just checking.  
ALICE: Right, that's it. Back in that blue box. Run!  
(Rebel yell starts up.)  
DALEK: Stop. Stop. Stop. Do not move.  
DOCTOR: Alice, no.  
MULBERRY: Quickly, Nyssa.  
DALEK: Halt. Halt.  
(Weapons fire. Tardis door closes.)  
DALEK: They have escaped into the Tardis.  
DOCTOR: And with the door shut, you haven't a hope of getting them out of there.  
DALEK: They are primitives from Earth's ancient history. They can do no harm to us. We will leave them. You, Doctor, the boy and the girl, will come with us immediately. Move!

FLOYD: We made it.  
ALICE: Yeah, but just us three. What are they up to out there?  
MULBERRY: Walking towards the city across the white ground. The silver jars are driving them like sheep.  
ALICE: Okay, so we have a hostage situation. I cannot believe there are no damn weapons on this ship. All this technology, and not even an RPG.  
FLOYD: RPG? What's that?  
ALICE: Rocket propelled grenade, Floyd. What the hell war were you fighting in, soldier?  
FLOYD: Weren't fighting, Miss Alice. Non-combat, like you said you were.  
ALICE: A technicality. Mulberry?  
MULBERRY: They're fading into the brightness.  
ALICE: Search the place. There's got to be something here we can use.

NYSSA: Looks like snow.  
WILTON: Or clouds. Solid clouds you can walk on.  
DOCTOR: Yes, they seem solid enough, but I'm still wondering whether you might be right, Wilton.  
WILTON: Right? About what?  
DOCTOR: Philosophical impossibilities.  
WILTON: This place isn't really here?  
DOCTOR: You'd need to define really, of course.  
DALEK: Silence. The prisoners will not speak.  
DOCTOR: Or we'll be exterminated. Nonsense.  
NYSSA: Doctor, careful.  
DOCTOR: They're taking us to the city for a reason. If they exterminate us, I'll be astonished.  
NYSSA: If they exterminate you, you'll be too dead to be astonished.  
DOCTOR: There's a certain logic in that, yes.  
WILTON: So if they're not going to shoot us, why not just make a run for it?  
DOCTOR: That's reasonable. Unfortunately, the Daleks aren't reasonable.  
DALEK: Silence!  
NYSSA: Doctor, what are you doing?  
DOCTOR: Just switching on the interocitor.  
WILTON: Why? What good will...  
DOCTOR: Shh. Wilton, keep your voice down.  
DALEK: Silence. You will not speak.  
DOCTOR: A little song, then.

FLOYD: Ain't nothing here I recognise as a weapon. You want me to search the whole place?  
ALICE: We fall back on plan B.  
MULBERRY: Plan B?  
ALICE: Give me some time to figure out how this console thing works.  
FLOYD: You're going to fly it?  
ALICE: Nyssa said there's a manual in the databank query system. Okay, mister databank query system, let's see if we can get some flying instructions around here.  
FLOYD: What's that?  
ALICE: Unauthorised access. Oh yeah? Says who?  
FLOYD: It's them voices again.  
MULBERRY: Not as I would recognise them.  
ALICE: Hey, you guys, I'm trying to concentrate. The machine seems to think I'm rated for general information only.  
FLOYD: How come? You ain't a general.  
ALICE: What the hell is that noise, anyway?  
MULBERRY: It's coming from there.  
ALICE: Looks like a speaker. So maybe this is the volume control. Here goes.  
DOCTOR + WILTON [OC]: ♪ She cut off their tails with a carving knife. Did you ever see such a sight in your life.♪

SERGEANT: General Tillington? Something's coming through.  
TILLINGTON: At last. Let see what young Wilton's got for us. Take me to it, Sergeant.  
SERGEANT: Yes, sir. This way. Thirty three months developing this temporal communicator and we finally picked up a signal.  
TILLINGTON: Mmm. Have we got a fix on the when and where?  
SERGEANT: Unidentifiable. Here, sir. Let me try some correction filters.  
DOCTOR + WILTON [OC]: ♪ How they run. They all ran after the farmer's wife. She cut off their tails with a carving knife. Did you ever see such a sight in your life ♪

DOCTOR: ♪ As three blind mice.♪  
WILTON: Come on, Nyssa.  
NYSSA: There's nothing to sing about. This is serious, and you're starting to annoy the toys.  
DOCTOR: Good. One more chorus. ♪ Three blind mice. ♪

DOCTOR + WILTON [OC]: ♪ Three blind mice. See how they run. See how they run. ♪  
ALICE: Three blind mice, see how they run? Screwy. It could be a battle code.  
FLOYD: They're sending us a message, Miss Alice.  
ALICE: Yup. Telling us to get the hell out of here.  
FLOYD: That ain't the message.  
ALICE: Oh, right. And your version, smartass?

FLOYD: They're singing, loud. The Doctor's saying he wants to get our attention.  
ALICE: That's the message?  
FLOYD: No, that ain't the message. The message is coming when we start listening.

DOCTOR + WILTON: ♪ Three blind mice. ♪ Another couple of minutes and we'll be there.  
WILTON: I need a rest.  
DALEK: The prisoners will keep moving.  
WILTON: Oh, will they?  
NYSSA: Watch out, Wilton. These things are really dangerous.  
WILTON: They won't kill us. The Doctor said so.  
DOCTOR: They won't kill all of us, but I suspect at least one of us is dispensable.  
WILTON: All right, I'm moving, I'm moving. ♪ Three blind mice. ♪  
NYSSA: Doctor, look.  
WILTON: The structures.  
NYSSA: Can you see what they're made of?  
WILTON: Daleks. Towers of them, stacked up into the sky.  
DOCTOR: Incredible. It's absolutely incredible. Millions and millions of full-sized Daleks locked together, bonded like molecules.

WILTON [OC]: Stacked up into the sky.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Incredible.  
MULBERRY: The Doctor's talking to us.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Millions and millions of full-sized Daleks locked together, bonded like molecules.  
FLOYD: Told you there'd be a message.  
ALICE: Shh. I'm trying to concentrate on this data thing.  
FLOYD: Millions of them. But why'd they want to go stand on each other's heads like that?

NYSSA: But why would the Daleks make a city out of  
DALEK: The prisoners will keep moving as we approach the city. Move.  
DOCTOR: Their slave mentality, perhaps, or just a cheap and easy way to create large building structures.  
NYSSA: Are you serious? Do you think there are Dalek mutant creatures inside all of them?  
DOCTOR: I can't see why they'd want to waste themselves like that, but you remember Logopolis, of course.  
NYSSA: Logopolis? What's that got to do with that place?  
WILTON: Look, more Daleks.  
DOCTOR: A welcoming committee.  
NYSSA: Full-sized Daleks, at that.  
DALEK: We will escort the prisoners into the city.  
DOCTOR: Escort. Well, that sounds very neighbourly.

NYSSA [OC]: What did you mean about Logopolis, Doctor?  
DOCTOR [OC]: Nothing. Just a whim. Oddly enough, they do seem to be behaving in a rather neighbourly way. The Daleks, that is.  
NYSSA [OC]: Perhaps they feel more confident at home.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Their home. Yes, I hadn't looked at it like that. They've made this place their home.  
ALICE: If this place is their home, we damn well do have to get out of here.  
MULBERRY: No, we must stay to give succour. We can't leave our comrades captive.  
FLOYD: Mister Mulberry's right. We gotta do the right thing here.  
ALICE: The right thing is to obey a superior officer.  
FLOYD: You being a Major don't coax me one jot, Miss Alice. I ain't even in your American army. I'm a Confederate, and I'm proud to say that.  
ALICE: A Confederate? You lost that war, soldier.  
MULBERRY: Please. If we quarrel amongst ourselves we are all lost. Lady Alice, you think you can learn to control the motion of this strange vehicle?  
ALICE: When you've trained for Cobras, you're fit to fly. But it would help if I had clearance into that flight instruction manual.

DALEK: Enter. The prisoners will be confined here.  
NYSSA: So much for your neighbourliness theory, Doctor.  
WILTON: I can't see much. Are those Daleks?  
NYSSA: Two of them are, guarding the door.  
WILTON: But all those others, all around us.  
DOCTOR: Nyssa, hold the pocket interocitor up a bit higher. There's enough of a glow to see where we are.  
NYSSA: Yes, look. The walls.

WILTON: Hundreds of interlocked Daleks.

DOCTOR: Mmm, just empty battle casings.

NYSSA: Are they just casings, Doctor? If it's like Logopolis...

WILTON: Logopolis? What's that?

NYSSA: A planet of mathematicians. They sat in rows, in caves carved into the rock. Their incantations were computations, passed from one to another down the line. Logopolis was

DOCTOR: Was another place, another time. It's the here and now we need to think about. We need a plan of some sort. A plan or a plane.

NYSSA: Doctor, what are you talking about?

DOCTOR [OC]: A plan or a plane, or a planet. Earth would be a useful planet to have to hand right now.

NYSSA [OC]: Doctor, you're rambling.

TILLINGTON: Thought so. The Doctor!

SERGEANT: General, Global Warning alert level has gone to red as of 1200 hours today. Worldwide authorities have been informed. Our Time sensitives are starting to visualise the Dalek invasion.

TILLINGTON: Then we need to get a message to the Doctor. He's got to help us now.

SERGEANT: We're working on that now, General.

TILLINGTON: I don't want working on, Sergeant. I want it working, period. Pronto.

ALICE: A plan, a plane, or a planet? Is this guy even sane?

DOCTOR [OC]: Of course, a planet requires people, a plan requires a pupil.

NYSSA [OC]: A pupil?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, yes. Someone to teach the plan to. And a plane, of course, requires a pilot. Now, if we had a plan, a plane and a planet, along with a pupil, a pilot and some people, we might make some headway.

MULBERRY: A plan, a plane and a planet.

ALICE: He's nut crumble, this Doctor. I wouldn't want him in my company.

FLOYD: The man's trying to tell us something.

ALICE: Oh, please.

FLOYD: No, sure. Just doesn't want these Dalek things to catch on?

MULBERRY: A pupil, a pilot and some people.

ALICE: Well, I'm a pilot.

MULBERRY: And we're people.

ALICE: So who's the pupil?

FLOYD: Oh, that'll be me, cos he figured I'm smart.

MULBERRY: Someone to teach the plan to. Yes.

FLOYD: You want to learn to fly this thing, Miss Alice?

ALICE: The Tardis is the plane? Okay, okay, I'll buy it. For now. So what next?

DOCTOR + WILTON [OC]: ♪ Three blind mice. Three blind mice. ♪

ALICE: Not enough him being whacko, he wants to drive us all crazy.

FLOYD: No, no, Miss Alice. It's the message. He's sending you the message.

ALICE: You said it wasn't a message. You said he was singing to get our attention.

FLOYD: You're right, I did. He was. But now it's the message. You gotta see them little blind mice in your mind, see what they're running after.

DOCTOR + WILTON [OC]: ♪ They all ran after the farmer's wife. ♪

MULBERRY: The farmer's wife?

ALICE: How can they do that if they're blind?

FLOYD: That's right, Miss Alice. They blind.

ALICE: As well as tone deaf. Flying blind. That's it. He's saying there's some kind of autopilot system in this thing.

DOCTOR + WILTON [OC]: ♪ Did you ever see such a thing in your life as three blind mice? ♪

WILTON: Careful, Doctor. Those two by the door are taking an interest.

DOCTOR: Nyssa, find somewhere to hide the pocket interocitor.

WILTON: The door!

NYSSA: Ah! It's so bright.

WILTON: Wha... what is that? That's no Dalek.

DOCTOR: No. No, no, it's humanoid.

WILTON: Oh, gross.

NYSSA: I hope it didn't hear that.

GREYLISH: I hear every word, Nyssa, in every language. I am the Greylish.

## [Part Four]

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.

GREYLISH: I know that, Doctor. We have met before.

DOCTOR: I assure you we haven't.

GREYLISH: You have arrived here, Doctor. This is the place where all Time tracks meet. To come here once is to come here always. You have always been here, Doctor, and you and I know one another very well by now.

ALICE: Okay, so this must be the activator control. Yup, it's on autopilot. Okay, guys, it's set to home in on that radio signal the Doctor's sending out.

MULBERRY: Can you drive this vehicle now, Lady Alice?

ALICE: I think... well, I think I can put it in motion. Where it ends up is way above my pay grade.

(Grating Tardis engines.)

FLOYD: That don't sound too good to me, Major.

(Bang! They all cry out.)

ALICE: Damn!

GREYLISH: If you and your friends will follow me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Nyssa, you hid the interocitor?

NYSSA: (sotto) Pushed it into the snowy stuff.

WILTON: It's huge! All this vast, vast space.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure it is all space.

GREYLISH: No, you are right, Doctor. This expanse is not space at all, but Time. An island of Time, carved out of the dimensional nullity.

(Tardis engines stop.)

FLOYD: What do we do now, Miss Alice?

ALICE: Cross your fingers, Floyd. All of them.

GREYLISH: This is the Dome of Time. I have allowed it to become the Dalek's foundry.

DOCTOR: *You* have? The Daleks have made this place their home, then?

GREYLISH: Yes, you could say that. Very much so.

WILTON: It's more like a cathedral. But all these installations...

NYSSA: Like booths at an exhibition.

WILTON: Models, diagrams. And those look like battle plans.

DOCTOR: Rather like your uncle's C-Fac.

WILTON: Yeah.

DOCTOR: We're standing in the middle of a Dalek battle base.

ALICE: Shut the Tardis door behind you, Mulberry.

FLOYD: Hey, I just trod on something.

ALICE: Yeah, I see it. Pick it up, Floyd.

FLOYD: Hey, look.

ALICE: The Doctor's radio thing? It's no weapon, but it might come in handy.

MULBERRY: And now we rescue them.

ALICE: Don't rush me, buddy. We need to scope out the scene first.

GREYLISH: Our Temporal Ambience is a vantage point that looks down through the Time tracks and sees the whole chronology of folly.

DOCTOR: An overview of the history of war, hence the Time tracks between Earth's wars.

NYSSA: From Rhodes, to Petersburg, to Vietnam.

DOCTOR: You're monitoring the history of human aggression. Why? Isn't there enough evil already in a Dalek?

GREYLISH: A narrow judgement, Doctor. The Daleks observed and learnt.

DOCTOR: Learnt what?

GREYLISH: They learnt to encourage.

NYSSA: Encourage?

DOCTOR: To inspire with hope, courage or confidence. Sound familiar, Nyssa?

NYSSA: The voices.

DOCTOR: It's some form of mental conditioning, isn't it? Preparing mankind for something. Making their minds receptive to Dalek thoughts, concepts.

GREYLISH: The voices are trillions of Daleks communing with one another.  
NYSSA: Trillions? There can't be more than several million Daleks minds in this structure.  
DOCTOR: Yes, there's something else.  
GREYLISH: Oh, you are right, Doctor. There certainly is something else. It took all the power of the Dalek structured mind-share to devise this renaissance of the Daleks. Ah, here comes the Dalek project leader. Let him tell you the story.  
DALEK: The Doctor and his companions will accompany me.  
DOCTOR: Is it compulsory?  
DALEK: You shall see the process. But first, the cleansing chamber. Proceed.

GREYLISH: This airstream will remove contaminants from your bodies.  
DOCTOR: Oh yes, because unlike the Daleks we're less than perfect, of course.  
DALEK: Correct, Doctor. We Daleks are unimprovable.  
DOCTOR: How very modest of you.  
DALEK: But in the course of our history we have learnt to extend our inherent capabilities.  
DOCTOR: Yes, you've managed space flight.  
NYSSA: And don't forget time travel.  
DOCTOR: Oh yes, I never forget that. No actual evolution of the Dalek itself, though. Just that Dalek brain at the core of an electro-mechanical battle shell devising ever more evil plans. So what's new? You're not going to say you've decided to evolve, are you?  
DALEK: Our design has proved equal to all challenges. Now we have augmented it. It is all a matter of scale.  
DOCTOR: Scale?  
WILTON: You mean the Dalek toys?  
DOCTOR: No, Wilton, I think it's more than that. I think... oh no.  
GREYLISH: Ah, I see you begin to understand, Doctor.  
NYSSA: What are you thinking, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: The Daleks are using actinoidal energy to control toy Daleks. They're transmitting that energy across Space and Time.  
WILTON: But why?  
DOCTOR: Precisely. Why use the voices to encourage and create certain condition on Earth? Conditions that make humanity susceptible to Dalek concepts. Conditions for the manufacture of billions of empty toy Daleks with actinoidal energy receptors. And why make something empty unless you intend to fill it. I think we're about to find out.  
DALEK: You are correct, Doctor.

DALEK: You will enter. Observe.  
WILTON: It's a magnification screen, isn't it? Yes, it's a whole production line. All those tiny particles.  
DOCTOR: A virus?  
GREYLISH: No need for impatience, Doctor.  
DALEK: You may increase the magnification.  
DOCTOR: This control?  
DALEK: Proceed.  
NYSSA: Doctor!  
DOCTOR: Oh no.

ALICE: Shush back there, you two. You don't know who may be listening.  
FLOYD: Never said a word, Miss Alice.  
MULBERRY: Nor I.  
ALICE: I sure heard somebody talking.  
TILLINGTON [OC]: Calling the Doctor. Please respond.  
MULBERRY: It's coming from the device, Floyd. The voices again.  
ALICE: Who on Earth? What the hell's he doing breaking radio silences at a time like this? Pass it over, Floyd. Hey there, do you read me?  
TILLINGTON [OC]: We read you, whoever you are. Listen to me. This is General Tillington, Chief of Staff, Global Warning, Earth. What we need here is an urgent hook-up with the Doctor. Over.

NYSSA: Nano-Daleks? But why?  
DOCTOR: And how? I'd like to know that too.  
GREYLISH: All of them were generated from one living Dalek, which only generations of breeding have been able to perfect.  
DOCTOR: And which Dalek would that be?  
DALEK: The seed Dalek is copied to the replicator tube, and copies then pass into the resizing matrix. Each miniaturised Dalek creature is protected from the environment by its scaled-down battle shell.

DOCTOR: Why are you doing this? What possible reason...

GREYLISH: The voices have done their work. Now the Dalek occupation of Earth can take place bloodlessly. The nano-Daleks, as you call them, will be disseminated from the Dalek toys and will enter each and every human on Earth. All human brains will become receptive to Dalek commands.

DOCTOR: A little like you, Greylish.

GREYLISH: They will become the willing, contented slaves of the Daleks, only too pleased to welcome the Dalek occupation.

WILTON: And you, Greylish or whoever you are, you helped the Daleks do this.

GREYLISH: I am merely the rising tide that floats all boats.

DOCTOR: And what precisely have you allowed to float, Greylish? The Dalek toys as receptors distributed across Earth among children. The nano-Daleks a stream of dust down the Time tracks into the Dalek toy receptors. Not a blunt, destructive invasion this time. A renaissance indeed. But why are you demonstrating it to me so beautifully, hmm? What exactly are you after?

DALEK 2: Seek and locate prisoners.

DALEK 3: Prisoners must be captured.

DALEKS: We obey.

ALICE: Okay, General Tillington. Understood.

DALEK 2 [OC]: Prisoners located. Surrender.

ALICE: I gotta cut and run. They've found us. Over and out.

FLOYD: Them Daleks again.

MULBERRY: Nowhere to hide

DALEK 2: Surrender. Surrender. The prisoners will surrender.

ALICE: This is it, boys.

DOCTOR: Oh, come on. You must have brought me here for a reason. What is it?

DALEK 3: The primitive humans have been located and captured.

DALEK: Exterminate them.

DOCTOR: No!

DALEK: You do not wish them to die?

DOCTOR: You know the answer to that.

DALEK: Then you will obey our commands.

GREYLISH: You see, the Daleks have craved your indulgence for some time, Doctor.

DOCTOR: As simple as that, is it? Huh. Suppose it always is with you lot. What do you want of me?

DALEK: Your total obedience. Move.

SERGEANT: All Red Alert contingency conditions are in deployment, sir.

TILLINGTON: A permanent world-wide curfew is imposed until further notice.

SERGEANT: That pretty well puts a lid on it, General.

TILLINGTON: Except that our TLTs still can't tell us exactly when the darn invasion is gonna happen. What's the matter with Wilton? He had his orders. Oh, we need to hear from the Doctor.

ALICE: I demand to see your commanding officer. You bubble-tanks can't push a Major around like this.

DALEK: Silence.

DOCTOR: Don't antagonise them, Alice. They're far more dangerous than the toy versions.

ALICE: Hey, Doctor. At least you guys are alive.

WILTON: Wow. You really did manage to get the Tardis to work.

FLOYD: We got your message, Mister Doctor.

DOCTOR: That's human beings for you. Infinitely resourceful. I had thought you might be able to help us escape. Unfortunately...

NYSSA: Doctor, look. What are they up so?

MULBERRY: What cargo do the Dalek jar creatures carry in those large black caskets?

DOCTOR: Good question, Mulberry.

DALEK: You will be allowed to return to Earth.

DOCTOR: Don't tell me, as long as we take these crates of your.

GREYLISH: A Time track has been prepared that will take you to the exact point in Time and Space when the new Dalek invasion of Earth will begin. All you have to do is set your craft in motion.

NYSSA: You mean the moment we activate the Tardis, we'll be trapped in a Dalek Time corridor.

DALEK: Correct. Doctor, open the Tardis or we will exterminate the humans.

DOCTOR: Tell you what, I'll open the doors to the Tardis if you tell me what's in those crates. (key in lock) All right, I'll make it easy for you. Are they full of nano-Dalek dust, hmm? Hmm. Well, let's just suppose they are, shall we? What would that mean? What do you think, Nyssa?

NYSSA: If they're already going to transmit the nano-Dalek dust across Time and Space, and into the Dalek toys by using actinoidal energy, then I can't see why they want... Ah, I see. You're stuck for bandwidth, aren't you?

DOCTOR: Exactly right, Nyssa.

DALEK: Open the door or the humans will die!

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: There you are. No need to panic.

DALEK: Load the crates into the Tardis immediately.

DALEKS: We obey.

WILTON: What do you mean, stuck for bandwidth?

DOCTOR: There's a limit to the nano-Dalek quantity each toy can handle. Even with millions of Dalek toys back in your time on Earth, it will take far too long to achieve a useful concentration.

ALICE: Does this mean we're going home?

DOCTOR: Don't get excited, Alice. We're part of the Dalek invasion of Earth.

ALICE: That sounds bad.

FLOYD: You mean these metal things are going to usurp the Confederacy?

DOCTOR: It's worse than that, Floyd. They've found a way to improve on their original plan. They're going to deliver billions of nano-Daleks all at once, using the Tardis.

FLOYD: I didn't follow that last bit, but I'll go with the Major. That sounds bad.

DOCTOR: Greylish, surely you can't allow this. This will cause major upheaval in Time. The Dalek invasion of Earth has already happened. It was a success. But ultimately the occupation failed.

GREYLISH: I have no views. I am the impartial moderator here. Although I feel I must point out that the Dalek occupation failed only because of your intervention. You are an outsider, meddling in the shape of the Time tracks. You can hardly blame the Daleks for wishing to rectify the situation.

DALEK 2: All crates now loaded into the Tardis.

DALEK: Doctor, only you are required to operate the Tardis.

DOCTOR: So if I refuse to cooperate, you'll execute my friends one by one until I change my mind.

DALEK: You understand us well, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Everyone, inside the Tardis now! Quickly!

DOCTOR: Everyone in.

NYSSA: Now what?

ALICE: Doctor, look, on the scanner.

DALEK [OC]: You are predictable, Doctor.

GREYLISH [OC]: You have done exactly what the Daleks expected of you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I know, but sometimes there's no choice, is there, Greylish? Of course, I could just do nothing.

FLOYD: Nothing? You mean just sit here?

DOCTOR: Yes.

WILTON: You're kidding, aren't you?

DOCTOR: No.

MULBERRY: Forever, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Well, the moment I dematerialise the Tardis

NYSSA: We'll be stuck in a Dalek Time corridor to Earth.

DOCTOR: And when we arrive, how exactly

DALEK [OC]: The crates are programmed to burst through the spatio-temporal shell of your craft the moment it completes materialisation.

NYSSA: That could destroy the Tardis, Doctor. Do the Daleks have that power?

DOCTOR: I rather think they may have. So the only flaw in your plan is you're not allowing for me to just sit here for eternity. Your plan relies on me activating the Tardis.

DALEK [OC]: Correct.

DOCTOR: Then by just standing here and doing nothing, I've defeated you.

NYSSA: But we know the Daleks will be transmitting the other nano-Daleks down the Time tracks to the Dalek toys. That'll still happen.

DOCTOR: But too slowly. Wilton's uncle is expecting a Dalek invasion, isn't he?

WILTON: That's for sure. And he wanted you to help him stop it.

DOCTOR: So if this new Dalek invasion happens too slowly, General Tillington might find a way to defeat it.

ALICE: General Tillington?

DOCTOR: And the Daleks will have ultimately failed again. Is that what you saw in the Time tracks, Greylish? You're at the centre of all this, aren't you?

DALEK [OC]: You will attempt to defeat us, Doctor. You will not be able to resist.

DOCTOR: Oh, that sounds like a challenge. Are you trying to goad me? What about General Tillington, Alice?

ALICE: Well, we were just talking to him on your...

NYSSA: Interocitor? You've got the

DOCTOR: I accept your challenge, but before I go, Greylish.

GREYLISH [OC]: Doctor.

DOCTOR: A query for you to ponder. If you and your Pan-Temporal Ambience exist in all of Time at once, and you merely allowed the Daleks to make this place their home, you should know of a time before they arrived. Think about it. Right, that's enough chat. (scanner off) Time to fall into the Daleks' trap.

NYSSA: Er, is this a good idea?

DOCTOR: Alice, get me that interocitor.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

(Alarms sounding.)

TILLINGTON: What the hell is that, Sergeant? Shut that noise off.

SERGEANT: It's the Time sensitives, sir. Preconstruction suddenly just... became solid. They've got an absolute fix on the Dalek invasion. 1835 hours.

TILLINGTON: But that's in... just over fifteen minutes. Where

DOCTOR [OC]: General Tillington, come in please. Hello?

TILLINGTON: Doctor, is that you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. I need your help, General.

TILLINGTON: You need *our* help?

DOCTOR: General, are your laser defences working?

TILLINGTON [OC]: Well, yes.

DOCTOR: I want you to target them at the exact position where I originally landed the Tardis. Can you do that?

TILLINGTON [OC]: We can do it, Doctor. What are we firing at?

DOCTOR: Me. The Tardis. That's where the Time track ends. Blackfriars Bridge.

WILTON: What? But Doctor...

TILLINGTON [OC]: Wilton, is that you?

DOCTOR: The moment the Tardis starts to materialise, blast it with everything you've got.

WILTON: You're not serious.

TILLINGTON [OC]: Why? Surely

DOCTOR: Don't argue with me, General. The Daleks are using my ship as the invasion spearhead.

TILLINGTON [OC]: Is this true, Wilton?

WILTON: It... it is, sir.

TILLINGTON [OC]: You're a brave man, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Er, I hope not.

TILLINGTON [OC]: I knew you'd see sense in the end.

DOCTOR: Yes, never mind all that, General. Just get your defence array retargeted.

TILLINGTON [OC]: We salute you, Doctor.

MULBERRY: This General spoke truly, Doctor. You are brave to sacrifice your own life for the safety

ALICE: What about our lives?

NYSSA: But the Tardis can't be destroyed by laser beams, can it, Doctor?

WILTON: Can't it?

DOCTOR: I'm hoping not. The lasers will, however, trigger the HADS.

NYSSA: Hostile Action Displacement System. I remember.

ALICE: What the hell does that mean?

NYSSA: If the outer shell is attacked, the Tardis instantly dematerialises and heads for a randomly selected safer landing place.

FLOYD: Where? Tennessee, maybe?

DOCTOR: Maybe, but not likely, Floyd.

ALICE: Hey, don't take me back to 'Nam if you can help it.

DOCTOR: The point is that if Tillington fires fifty gigawatts of laser power at the Tardis the moment he catches sight of it, we'll automatically dematerialise before we've fully landed. We'll have about, oh, thirty seconds grace in the Time Vortex before we land fully and those crates burst out of the Tardis.

FLOYD: And what do we do in those thirty seconds?

DOCTOR: We regain control of the Tardis and, well, hold tight.

(Seagulls and water. The Tardis starts to materialise.)

NYSSA: This is it.

DOCTOR: Don't let me down, General. Do what Generals are best at and

SERGEANT: There it is.

TILLINGTON: Open fire!

(Tardis materialising, laser beams impacting and sizzling.)

DOCTOR: That's it. The HADS is engaging. Everyone, hang on to something.

NYSSA: What are you going to do, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Open the Tardis doors.

NYSSA: While we're in the Vortex?

DOCTOR: While we're in the Vortex, open the doors and let the crates fly out. Everyone hanging on?

ALL: Yes.

DOCTOR: Open sesame!

(Howling wind, crying out.)

FLOYD: I've got you, Major. I've got you.

WILTON: Hey, the crates aren't moving.

(Beeping and clanking.)

NYSSA: What's that noise?

DOCTOR: I think the crates are activating.

ALICE: But they're not... they're not moving.

FLOYD: What's going to happen? These things gonna blow us sky-high?

DOCTOR: Something like that, Floyd. Perhaps if we could just... oh.

NYSSA: Mulberry, no!

DOCTOR: Mulberry, what are you doing?

MULBERRY: These crates need to... to be pushed out.

NYSSA: Yes, Mulberry, but if you

DOCTOR: Mulberry, take my hand. If you push the crates out, you'll be sucked out into the Time Vortex with them! You mustn't do that!

MULBERRY: And so will you if I take your hand, Doctor. Nyssa, is this the way to save the world? Nyssa?

NYSSA: Mulberry, please, don't... Doctor?

FLOYD: What's going on now?

DOCTOR: The Tardis is relocating, landing again. Mulberry!

MULBERRY: If I push these crates out it'll save the world. Is that so, Nyssa? Speak true, my lady.

NYSSA: Yes, Mulberry, but

MULBERRY: (effort) Then goodbye, my lady.

NYSSA: No!

(Tardis doors close.)

NYSSA: Mulberry.

ALICE: Where did he go? Mulberry, where'd he go, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I don't know. He could be anywhere. He could... he could be

FLOYD: Dead? Could he be dead?

DOCTOR: Er, yes, yes, yes, he could be. He was a very brave man.

ALICE: Now who's sounding like the General.

NYSSA: Doctor, where are we going? We're travelling back up the Dalek Time corridor.

ALICE: Back to those bubble-tanks?

FLOYD: Won't they want to kill us?

DOCTOR: I'd say you can bank on it, and we're right behind the crates.

NYSSA: Behind them? You mean we've sent them right back to the Daleks?

DOCTOR: It would seem so. On a direct collision course with the other nano-Daleks being fed down the Time track to invade Earth.

DALEK 2: Alert. Alert. Particle Dalek forces on convergent spatio-temporal courses in Time corridor.

DALEK: The Doctor has tricked us.

GREYLISH: Yes. And when the two nano-Dalek forces meet, they will be... destroyed.

(The Tardis materialises.)

DALEK: It is the Doctor. He is in our power.

GREYLISH: Are you so sure of that?

DALEK [OC]: Doctor, you will surrender to us.

DOCTOR: Do you really think I'm that gullible? Hello, Greylish. Did you give any thought to my little conundrum?

GREYLISH [OC]: Your words have been echoing in my head. The Daleks have always been here.

DOCTOR: Then why did you think this was your domain?

GREYLISH [OC]: It *is* my domain. I am the seed Dalek.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, of course.

NYSSA: The one they replicated to make the nano-Daleks. That's the Greylish.

DOCTOR: A creature entirely indifferent to the evil Daleks do. You thought of yourself as impartial, didn't

you? What's it like to realise you're just a Dalek, just like the rest of them?

GREYLISH [OC]: I am not like the rest of them. Only part of me is organic, the seed for the nano-Daleks. I realise now that I am also a construct, sustained by the Dalek's structured mind-share.

WILTON: A construct?

DOCTOR: They needed to devise you. The power of Dalek thought created you, and in turn you created their new home.

GREYLISH [OC]: The Pan-Temporal Ambience is mine. I willed it into being.

DOCTOR: And without you...

GREYLISH [OC]: Without me. Yes, I can stop this.

DALEK [OC]: No, Greylish. You will obey. You were created to obey. Created to provide the seed for our new, undefeatable conquest of Earth.

GREYLISH [OC]: It takes but one thought to regress this place to the dimensional nullity from which it was created.

DALEK [OC]: You are a Dalek. You will obey Dalek commands. You will sustain the Ambience.

GREYLISH [OC]: The nullity beckons.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Greylish.

GREYLISH: Goodbye, Doctor. Goodbye to all of you.

DALEK: Emergency. Emergency. The Greylish is entering the dimensional nullity. Our world is destroyed. We cannot survive. We cannot survive.

(Rumble, echoing Dalek voices fade away.)

NYSSA: Doctor? Doctor, I think the Dalek Time corridor has... I don't know. It's as if its evaporated. We're just drifting back towards Earth again. Doctor?

ALICE: Is he all right?

FLOYD: Mister Doctor.

NYSSA: Where's Wilton? Doctor?

DOCTOR: Mulberry, and now the Greylish. Why is it that defeating the Daleks always demands the sacrifice of innocents? Don't worry, I don't expect an answer. And as for Wilton, he's a sign of our... well, our victory over the Daleks.

NYSSA: You mean the timeline's corrected. The Dalek occupation takes place in the way it originally did.

DOCTOR: Which means that Wilton isn't here. I don't know if he or his uncle were ever born, or whether they died during the Dalek occupation. Not much of an achievement, is it?

NYSSA: But at least this way you know the Dalek invasion will be defeated.

DOCTOR: Yes, that's the silver lining, Nyssa.

FLOYD: Er, what happens to us, sir? Me and the Major.

DOCTOR: Well, you're still a bona fide part of Earth's history.

ALICE: Gee, you say the nicest things, Doc, but what do you mean?

DOCTOR: It means that's exactly where you belong.

FLOYD: You mean, you're going to take us back to where you found us?

ALICE: Hey, don't we get a say in this?

DOCTOR: Oh, Alice, I imagine you'll have plenty to say along the way.